SOUNDTRACK FROM THE NETFLIX FILM

tick, tick... BOOM!

SONGS BY JONATHAN LARSON

Songs Written by Jonathan Larson

1. **30/90** 4:22
   PERFORMED BY Andrew Garfield, Joshua Henry, Robin de Jesús, Vanessa Hudgens, Alexandra Shipp, Mj Rodriguez and Ensemble
2. **Boho Days** 1:33
   PERFORMED BY Andrew Garfield, Robin de Jesús, Alexandra Shipp, Joshua Henry, Vanessa Hudgens
3. **Green Green Dress** 0:42
   PERFORMED BY Joshua Henry
4. **No More** 3:11
   PERFORMED BY Robin de Jesús, Andrew Garfield
5. **Johnny Can't Decide** 3:30
   PERFORMED BY Andrew Garfield, Vanessa Hudgens, Joshua Henry
6. **Sunday** 2:52
   PERFORMED BY Andrew Garfield and The Moondance Diner Ensemble
7. **Play Game** 1:22
   PERFORMED BY Tariq Trotter
8. **Therapy** 2:44
   PERFORMED BY Andrew Garfield, Vanessa Hudgens
9. **Swimming** 3:16
   PERFORMED BY Andrew Garfield, Vanessa Hudgens, Joshua Henry and Ensemble
10. **Come to Your Senses** 4:27
    PERFORMED BY Alexandra Shipp, Vanessa Hudgens
11. **Real Life** 1:43
    PERFORMED BY Robin de Jesús
12. **Why** 5:24
    PERFORMED BY Andrew Garfield
13. **Louder Than Words** 4:54
    PERFORMED BY Andrew Garfield, Vanessa Hudgens, Joshua Henry
14. **Come to Your Senses (end credits version)** 4:09
    PERFORMED BY Jazmine Sullivan
15. **Green Green Dress (bonus track)** 2:36
    PERFORMED BY Andrew Garfield, Alexandra Shipp
16. **Out of My Dreams (bonus track)** 3:25
    PERFORMED BY Veronica Vasquez
17. **Only Takes a Few (bonus track)** 4:09
    PERFORMED BY The Mountain Goats

All tracks Published by Universal Music Publishing Group (ASCAP) except as noted.

"Sunday"
Written by Jonathan Larson and Stephen Sondheim
Published by Universal Music Corp. on behalf of itself and Finster & Lucy Music Ltd. Co (ASCAP), WC Music Corp (ASCAP) o/b/o Rilting Music, Inc.

"No More"
Written by Jonathan Larson, Janet DuBois and Jeff Barry
Published by Universal Music Corp. on behalf of itself and Finster & Lucy Music Ltd. Co (ASCAP) and Sony ATV (BMI)

"Why"
Written by Jonathan Larson, Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim
Published by Universal Music Corp. on behalf of itself and Finster & Lucy Music Ltd. Co (ASCAP), WC Music Corp (ASCAP) o/b/o Rilting Music, Inc.

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ORCHESTRATIONS
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ORCHESTRATION FOR "SUNDAY"
Michael Starobin

ORCHESTRATION FOR "COME TO YOUR SENSES"
Dominic Fallacaro

SONGS RECORDED AT
Power Station at BerkleeNYC; DiMenna Center, NYC; Reservoir Studios NYC; Igloo Music, Los Angeles, CA; Sunset Sound, Los Angeles, CA; Cybersound Recording Studios, Boston, MA; Factory Underground Studio, Norwalk, CT

SCORE RECORDED AT
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DRUMS
Sean McDaniel

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DOBRO/BANJO
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VIOLAS
Danielle Farina, Leah Ferguson, Molly Carr, Monica David, Celia Hatton, Will Frampton

CELLOS
Patrick Jee, Alexie Gonzales, Andrew Janss, Clarice Jensen, Sarah Kwon, Emily Brausa

BASS
Jeremy McCoy, Andrew Trombley, Lou Kosma

HARP
Stacey Shames, Lynette Wardle

FLUTES
Tara Helen O'Conner, Kathleen Nester

OBOE
Alexandra Knoll, Keiske Ikuma (Eng. Horn)

CLARINETS
Dean LeBlanc, Pavel Vannitsky, Liam Burke (Bass Clarinet)

BASSOON
Judith LeClair, Mark Romatz

FRENCH HORNS
Leelanee Street, Chad Yarbrough, Theo Primis, Kyle Hyot

TRUMPETS
Ray Riccomini, Tony Kadleck, Brandon Lee

TROMBONES
John Allred, Joe Fiedler, Marco Gomez

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Jazmine Sullivan appears courtesy of RCA Records

"tick, tick... BOOM!" Original Arrangements and Orchestrations by Stephen Oremus

"tick, tick... BOOM!" was adapted for the stage by David Auburn

Original Off-Broadway production directed by Scott Schwartz

Very special thanks to our ttB! extended music family: Julia Betley, Mariela Comitini, Zsuzsa Cook, Ramona Coppelli, Celia Costas, Kelley Cribben, Deb Dyer, Grant Farsi, Kira Goldberg, Tyler Hartman, Dirk Hebert, Ryan Heffington, Paul Hsu, Myron Kerstein, Julie Larson, Nancy Lopez-Luna, Tod Maitland, Terence McCormack Maitland, Kathryn Maughan, Jonathan Mills, Joy Murphy, Josh Muzaffer, Julie Oh, Derek Pacuk, Owen Panettieri, Stephen Sondheim, Ryan Spencer, Jennifer Tepper, Jesse Torres, Luca Waldman, John Walsh, Deanna Weiner, Jerry Yuen for their invaluable contributions to these recordings – your actions speak louder than words.

And to our new friends at Netflix and Sony Masterworks.

For Jonathan, and his fearless love...

30/90

JON
Stop the clock – take time out
Time to regroup before you lose the bout

JON/ROGER
Freeze the frame – back it up

JON
Time to refocus before they wrap it up
Years are getting shorter
Lines on your face are getting longer
Feel like you're treading water
But the riptide's getting stronger

Don't panic, don't jump ship
Can't fight it, like taxes
At least it happens only once in your life

They're singing "Happy Birthday"
You just want to lay down and cry
Not just another birthday, it's 30/90

Why can't you stay 29?
Hell, you still feel like you're 22
Turn thirty 1990
Bang! You're dead,
What can you do?
What can you do?
What can you do?

ROGER
Clear the runway – make another pass
Try one more approach before you're out of gas

JON
Friends are getting fatter
Hairs on you head are getting thinner
Feel like a clean-up batter
On a team that ain't a winner?

ROGER
Don't freak out, don't strike out
Can't fight it, like City Hall

JON
At least you're not alone
Your friends are there, too
They're singing "Happy Birthday"

JON/MICHAEL
You just wish you could run away

JON
Who cares about a birthday? But

JON/MICHAEL
30/90, hey

JON
Can you be optimistic?

JON/MICHAEL
You're no longer the ingenue
Turn 30, 1990

JON
Boom! You're passé

JON/MICHAEL
What can you do?

JON
What can you do?
What can you do?

ROGER/KARESSA/ENSEMBLE
Ahhh
Ahhh

Peter Pan and Tinkerbell
Which way to Never Never Land?
Emerald City's gone to hell
Since The Wizard

JON/ROGER/KARESSA/ENSEMBLE
Blew off his command

JON
On the streets you hear the voices
Lost children, crocodiles
But you're not into
Making choices, wicked witches,
Poppy fields or men behind the curtain
Tiger lilies, ruby slippers

JON/ALL
Clock is ticking, that's for certain

JON
They're singing, "Happy Birthday"

JON
You just wish it all were a dream
It feels much more like doomsday
Fuck

ROGER/KARESSA
Happy Birthday

ALL
30/90

JON
Seems like I'm in for a twister
I don't see a rainbow, do you?

ROGER/KARESSA
Ah, ah

ALL
Turn 30 in the '90s

JON
Into my hands now
The ball has passed
I want the spoils, but not too fast

ROGER/KARESSA/ALL
Ahhhh

The world is calling
It's now-or-Neverland
Why can't I stay a child forever
and
30/90
30/90

ROGER/KARESSA/ALL
30/90

JON
30/90
30/90
30/90

ROGER/KARESSA/ALL
30/90

ALL
30, 30/90

What can I do?

ALL (EXCEPT JON)
30/90, 30, 30/90

JON/ALL
What can I do?

Boho Days

JON
This is the life, bo bo, bo bo bo
This is the life, bo bo, bo bo bo
This is the life, bo bo, bo bo bo

Bo-hemia

Shower's in the kitchen
There might be some soap
Dishes in the sink
Brush your teeth, if you can cope
Toilet's in the closet
You better hope
There's a light bulb in there

VICKI
Not today!

JON
Revolving-door roommates
Prick up your ears
Fourteen people in just four years
Ann and Max and Jonathan
And Carolyn and Kerri
David, Tim — no, Tim was just a guest
From June to January
Margaret, Lisa, David, Susie,
Stephen, Joe and Sam
And Elsa, the bill collector's dream
Who still is on the lam

Don't forget the neighbors
Michelle and Gay
More like a family
Than a family, hey
The time is flying
And everything is dying
I thought by now
I'd have a dog, a kid and wife

JON/(& ROGER)
The ship is sort of sinking
So let's start drinking
Before we start thinking
Is this a life?

JON
This is the life, bo bo, bo bo bo

EVERYONE
This is the life, bo bo, bo bo bo
This is the life, bo bo, bo bo bo

Bohemia!
Bohemia!
Bohemia!

JON
Bo bo bo bo bo!

No More

MICHAEL
No more
Walking thirteen blocks
With thirty pounds of laundry
In the freezing dead of winter

No more
Walking up six flights of stairs
Or throwing down the key
Because there is no buzzer

No more faulty wiring
No more crooked floors
No more spitting out my Ultra Brite
On top of dirty dishes
In the one and only sink

Hello, to my walk-in closets
Tidy as Park Avenue
Hello, my butcher block table
I could get used
I could get used
I could get used to you

No more
Climbing over sleeping people
Before you get out the door
Of your own building

MICHAEL/JON
No more

MICHAEL
Noxious fumes from gas heaters
That are illegal

JON
Or will blow up while you are sleeping

MICHAEL
No more

JON
Leaky ceilings

MICHAEL
No more

JONATHAN
Holes in the floor

MICHAEL/JON
No more

JONATHAN
Taking a shower in the kitchen
While your roommate's
Eating breakfast

MICHAEL/JON
And you're getting water
On his cornflakes

Hello, to shiny new parquet wood floors
As waxed as a wealthy girl's legs
Hello, dear Mister Dishwasher

MICHAEL
I could get used

JON
I could get used

MICHAEL
I could get used

JON
I could get used

MICHAEL
I could get used

JON/MICHAEL
To you

JON
No more, exotic

MICHAEL
No more, neurotic

MICHAEL/JON
No more anything
But pleasantly robotic

MICHAEL
We're moving on up

JON
We're moving on up

MICHAEL
To the East Side

JON
To the East Side

MICHAEL/JON
To a deluxe apartment
In the sky

Hello, to dear Mister Doorman
Who looks like Captain Kangaroo
Hello, dear fellow, and how do you do?

MICHAEL
I could get used

JON
I could get used

MICHAEL
I could get used

JON
I could get used

MICHAEL
I could get –

MICHAEL/JON
– used to you

MICHAEL
Yeah!
I could get used

JON
I could get used

MICHAEL
Even seduced

JON
Even seduced

MICHAEL
I could get –

MICHAEL/JON
– used to you!

Johnny Can't Decide

JON
Break of day, the dawn is here
Johnny's up and pacing
Compromise or persevere
His mind is racing

Johnny has no guide
Johnny wants to hide
Can he make his mark,
If he gives up his spark?
Johnny can't decide

Susan longs to live by the sea,
She's through with competition
Susan wants a life with me
Johnny's got a tough decision
Johnny has no guide

JON/KARESSA
Johnny wants to hide
Can he settle down
And still not

KARESSA
Drown?

JON
Drown

JON/KARESSA
Johnny can't decide

JON
Michael's gonna have it all
His luck will never end
Johnny's backed against the wall
Can he bend his dreams,
Just like his friend?

Johnny sees that Susan's right

KARESSA
Susan's right

JON/KARESSA
Ambition eats right through you

ROGER
Michael doesn't see why Johnny

JON
I

JON/ROGER
Hold/holds so tight
To the things that

JON/ROGER/KARESSA
Johnny feels are true

ROGER/KARESSA
Johnny has no guide

JON
Johnny has no guide

ROGER/KARESSA
Johnny wants to hide

JON
Johnny wants to hide

JON/ROGER/KARESSA
How can you soar
When you're nailed to the floor?
Johnny can't decide

ROGER/KARESSA
Johnny has no guide

JON
Johnny has no guide

ROGER/KARESSA
Johnny wants to hide

JON
Johnny wants to hide

JON/ROGER/KARESSA
How do you know
When it's time to let go?

JON
Johnny can't decide

ROGER/KARESSA
Johnny can't decide, decide

JON
Johnny can't decide

ROGER/KARESSA
Johnny can't decide, decide

JON
Johnny can't decide,

Johnny can't decide, decide, decide

ROGER/KARESSA
Johnny can't decide, decide

JON
Decide, decide

Johnny can't decide

Sunday

ALL
Sunday
In the blue, silver chromium diner
On the green, purple, yellow, red stools

JON
Sit the fools
Who should eat at home
Instead, they pay on

ALL
Sunday
For a cool orange juice or a bagel
On the soft, green cylindrical stools

JON
Sit the fools
Drinking cinnamon coffee

ALL
Or decaffeinated tea
Forever
Forever
Forever

ALL
In the blue, silver chromium diner
Drips the green, orange, violet drool
From the fools
Who'd pay less at home
Drinking coffee
Light
And dark

JON
And cholesterol
And bums
Bums, bums, bums, bums,
Bums, bums, bums, bums

ALL
People screaming for their toast
In a small Soho café
On an island in
Two rivers
On an ordinary Sunday
Sunday
Sunday

JON
Brunch!

Play Game

BUSKER
Walk through Times Square and
What do you see?
Ugliness where architecture used to be
The glamour and style
Have been replaced by gaud
Like the sixty-dollar spectacle
It's all a fraud

That's the play game (That's the play game)
So why do I want to play the play game?
That's the play game (That's the play game)
I must be insane to play the play game

Even off-Broadway
There's no guarantee
That some MBA
Won't decide what you see
Just like America
Lacking innovation
Just getting by
On glitz and reputation
Just like America
On the decline
Unconcerned with the product
Just the bottom line
Write for the movies
Write for TV
So what if it's crap?
At least you won't write for free
Make thousands of dollars
For a first draft
Your life won't depend
On whether Frank Rich laughed
So just forget Shakespeare
Beckett, Moliere

That's the play game (That's the play game)
That's the play game (That's the play game)
That's the play game
Why do I care?

Therapy

JON
I feel bad, that you feel bad
About me feeling bad, about you feeling bad
About what I said, about what you said
About me not being able to share a feeling

KARESSA
If I thought that what you thought
Was that I hadn't thought about sharing my thoughts
Then my reaction to your reaction
To my reaction
Would have been more revealing

JON
I was afraid that you'd be afraid
If I told you that I was afraid of intimacy
If you don't have a problem with my problem
Maybe the problem's simply codependency

KARESSA
Yes, I know that now you know
That I didn't know that you didn't know
That when I said "No", I meant, "Yes, I know"
And that now I know that you knew that I knew you adored me

JON
I was wrong to

KARESSA
Say you were wrong to

JON
Say I was wrong about

KARESSA
You being wrong

JON
When you rang to say that

KARESSA
The ring was the wrong thing to bring

JON
If I meant what I said
When I said rings bored me

JON/KARESSA
I'm not mad that you got mad when I got mad
When you said I should go drop dead

JON
If I were you when I'd done what I'd done
I'd do what you did when I gave you the ring
Having said what I said

JON
I feel bad, that you feel bad
About me feeling bad, about you feeling bad
About what I said, about what you said
About me not being able to share a feeling

KARESSA
I feel badly about you
Feeling badly about me
Feeling badly about you

I thought you thought I reacted shallowly
When I reacted to you

If I thought that what you thought
Was that I hadn't thought about
Sharing my thoughts
Then my reaction
To your reaction
To my reaction
Would have been more revealing

JON
I'm not mad
You got mad

KARESSA
I'm not mad that you got mad that I got mad

Go drop dead

When you said I should go drop dead

If I were you when I'd done what I'd done
I'd do what you did when I gave you the ring
Having said what I said

If I were you
But I'm not you
Said what I said

JON
But now it's out in the open

KARESSA
Now it's off our chest

JON/KARESSA
Now it's four AM
And we have therapy tomorrow
It's too late to screw
So lets just get some rest

Swimming

JON
I hate this locker room
Why won't Susan answer my calls?
Sweat wet echo
Smell hell rap
Pump up the volume
Hot, wet, hot, sweat

How's the water?
Stretch stretch
Spit in the mask
Cloudy vision

Test the water
Contemplate the dive
The shock to the skin
Anticipate the pain the pain the pain
The pain the pain now

1,2,3 oh bite the air – 7
There's that girl – 1, 2, 3
Oh bite the air
Smooth soft skin – 2, 3
Oh bite the – 13
Long legs, brown skin and wet hair
Woah, and wet hair

Has Rosa even listened to my tape?
Kick, stretch, windmill arms
See the hand, point the feet
Pull – wet hair –
Relax, this guy's too slow – 15
Can I make it to 40?
Too slow

Touch his heel – move
Answer my calls!
Red fins stripe
50 feet – 60 feet
She looks like Susan
Susan's beautiful

Out – don't think – out, out
Let it out
Keep the shoulder down, down
Easy – not too hard
Find the movement's origin
Hands – no, shoulder – no
elbow – no, lower

JON (CONT'D)
from the back, yes
Lower – 39 – 40
Center, center

VOICES
Hmm-Aaah

JON
Forward motion
Through the water

KARESSA
Come to your senses

JON
Escape

ROGER
Come to your senses

KARESSA
Come to your senses

JON
I am soaring
I'm the water

ROGER
You're on the air

KARESSA
You as the knight

JON
Escape

ROGER
I'm underground

KARESSA
Me as the queen

Come to Your Senses

SUSAN
You're on the air, I'm underground
Signal's fading, can't be found
I finally open up
For you I would do anything
But you've turned off the volume
Just when I've begun to sing

Come to your senses
Defenses are not the way to go
And you know, or at least you knew
Everything's strange, you've changed
And I don't know what to do to get through
I don't know what to do

KARESSA
I have to laugh
We sure put on a show
Love is passé in this day and age
How can we expect it to grow?

You as the knight
Me as the queen
All I've got tonight
Is static on a screen

SUSAN
Come to your senses
The fences inside are not for real
If we feel as we did, and I do

Can't you recall when this all began
It was only you and me
It was only me and you

KARESSA
But now the air is filled with confusion
We've replaced care with illusion

SUSAN
It's cool to be cold
Nothing lasts anymore
Love becomes disposable
This is the shape of things
We cannot ignore

Come to your senses
Suspense is fine if you're just an
Empty image emanating out
Of a screen

Baby be real, you can feel again
You don't need a music-box melody
To know what I mean

KARESSA
Deep in my eyes, what do you see
Deep in my sighs, listen to me

SUSAN
Let the music commence from inside

KARESSA/SUSAN
Not only one sense, but use all five

SUSAN
Come to your senses

KARESSA
Come to your senses

SUSAN
Come to your senses

KARESSA
Come to your senses

SUSAN
Come to your

SUSAN/KARESSA
Senses
Baby, come back alive

Real Life

Is this real life?
Is this real life?

Is this real life?
Is this real life?
Is this real life?
Is this real life?

Is this real, is this real
Is this real life?

Why

JON
When I was nine, Michael and I
Entered a talent show down at the Y

Nine AM, went to rehearse by some stairs
Mike couldn't sing
But I said, "No one cares"

We sang "Yellow Bird" and "Let's Go Fly a Kite"
Over and over and over
Till we got it right

When we emerged from the YMCA
Three o'clock sun had made the grass hay

I thought,
Hey, what a way to spend the day
Hey, what a way to spend the day
I make a vow, right here and now
I'm gonna spend my time this way

When I was sixteen, Michael and I
Got parts in *West Side*
At White Plains High

Three o'clock, went to rehearse in the gym
Mike played Doc, who did not sing
Fine with him

We sang, "gotta rocket in your pocket" and
"the Jets are gonna have their day tonight"
Over and over and over
Till we got it right

When we emerged, wiped out by that play
Nine o'clock stars and moon lit the way

I thought,
Hey, what a way to spend a day
Hey, what a way to spend a day
I made a vow
I wonder now
Am I cut out to spend my time this way?

I'm twenty-nine, Michael and I
Live on the west side of Soho, NY

Nine o'clock, I write a lyric or two
Mike sings his song now on Mad Avenue
I sing, "Come to your senses
Defenses are not the way to go"
Over and over and over
And over and over
And over and over
Till I get it right

When I emerge from B Minor or A
Five o'clock, diner calls, I'm on my way

I think:
Hey, what a way to spend a day
Hey, what a way to spend a day

I make a vow
Right here and now
I'm gonna spend my time this way
I'm gonna spend my time this way

Louder Than Words

JON
Why do we play with fire?
Why do we run our finger through the flame?
Why do we leave our hand on the stove —
Although we know we're in for some pain?

Oh, why do we refuse to hang a light
When the streets are dangerous?
Why does it take an accident
Before the truth gets through to us?

Cages or wings?
Which do you prefer?
Ask the birds
Fear or love, baby?
Don't say the answer
Actions speak louder than words

Why should we try to be our best
When we can just get by and still gain?
Why do we nod our heads

JON/ROGER
Although we know

ROGER
The boss is wrong as rain?

JON
Why should we blaze a trail
When the well-worn path seems safe and

JON/KARESSA
So inviting?

KARESSA
How — as we travel

JON/KARESSA
Can we — see the dismay —
And keep from fighting?

JON
Cages or wings?
Which do you prefer?
Ask the birds

ROGER/KARESSA
Cages or wings?

JON/ROGER/KARESSA
Fear or love, baby?
Don't say the answer

JON
Actions speak louder than words

ROGER/KARESSA
Louder than, louder than

JON
What does it take
To wake up a generation?

JON/ROGER/KARESSA
How can you make someone
Take off and fly?

JON
If we don't wake up
And shake up the nation
We'll eat the dust of the world
Wondering why

JON/ROGER/KARESSA
Why

KARESSA
Why do we stay with lovers
Who we know, down deep
Just aren't right?
Why would we rather

JON/ROGER/KARESSA
Put ourselves through hell
Than sleep alone at night?

JON
Why do we follow leaders who never lead?

ROGER
Why does it take catastrophe to start a revolution?

ROGER/KARESSA
If we're so free, tell me why?

JON
Someone tell me why
So many people bleed?

JON
Cages or wings?
Which do you prefer?
Ask the birds

ROGER/KARESSA
Cages or wings?

JON/ROGER/KARESSA
Fear or love, baby?
Don't say the answer

JON
Actions speak louder than

ROGER/KARESSA
Louder than, louder than
Louder than, louder than

ALL
Cages or wings?
Which do you prefer?

JON
Ask the birds

ROGER/KARESSA
Ah

ALL
Fear or love, baby?
Don't say the answer

JON
Actions speak louder

ROGER/KARESSA
Louder than, louder than, ooh

JON
They speak louder

ROGER/KARESSA
Louder than, louder than words

JON
Actions speak louder than –

Green Green Dress (bonus track)

JON
Deep dark velvet hugs your silhouette
Black silk stockings, you're my Juliet
Soft long hair baby, beautiful eyes
Cool me down before I jump into your thighs

The green green dress, twenty buttons and a strap
The green green dress, what a pleasure to unwrap
Green dress, oh what it can do
What the green green dress does to me on you
Me on you

SUSAN
Let's find a chair where we can sit and talk
Or get some fresh air, maybe we could take a walk
Tell me what you're thinkin', talk about your day
Tell me what to do, I'll do anything you say in

JON/SUSAN
The green green dress, twenty buttons and a strap
The green green dress

JON
What a pleasure to unwrap

JON/SUSAN
Green dress, oh what it can do
What the green green dress

JON
Does to me on you

SUSAN
Ooh-ooh-ooh ooh-ooh-ooh

JON
Me on you

SUSAN
You

Can I hear you laugh, babe?
Can you make me smile?
I'll forget what's on my mind for awhile

JON
Can I tie you up, love?
If you tell me yes
I'll unbutton every button down your green green dress

JON/SUSAN
The green green dress, twenty buttons and a strap
The green green dress, what a pleasure to unwrap
Green dress, oh what it can do
What the green green dress

JON
Does to me on you

SUSAN
Ooh-ooh-ooh ooh-ooh-ooh

JON
Me on you

SUSAN
You

JON
Me on the green green dress

SUSAN
Green green dress

JON
Me on the green green dress

SUSAN
The green green dress

JON
Me on you

SUSAN
You

JON
The green green dress

SUSAN
The green green dress

JON
Green green dress

SUSAN
Green green dress

JON/SUSAN
The green green dress

Out of My Dreams (bonus track)

Out of my dreams
Out of my dreams
Out of my dreams

Out all night
Kisses on the street
Sidewalk dance
September heat

Stay in bed, love all day
Fire, passion, every single way
Go to work
Mind on you
Anticipating what we're gonna do

Nasty words on the telephone
Alarm goes off
I'm in bed alone

You left my life
Stay out of my dreams

You left my life
Stay out of my dreams

Out of my dreams
Out of my dreams
Out of my dreams
Out of my dreams

Thursday, Friday, Three AM
Buses, subways
Us verses them
Winter chill
Skies look dark
Monkey business in Central Park
Coffee, cocoa, more whipped cream
Vodka, brandy, was it just a dream?
Window shopping Christmas Day
I wake up
All that was yesterday

You left my life
Stay out of my dreams
You left my life
Stay out of my dreams

Out of my dreams (Stay out of my dreams)
Out of my dreams (Get out)
Out of my dreams (You left my life)
Out of my dreams (Stay out of my dreams)

Only Takes a Few (bonus track)

“Almost missed this one,” he said
I stared at the honky-tonk piano
Sure beats living in town
The beach is a half a mile away

“Not much of a cat,” I said
He stared, down underneath the couch
Doesn't matter much to me
Not gonna beat it anyway

It only takes a few cents more
To go first class
First class
Only takes a few

It only takes a few cents more
To go first class
First class
Only takes a few

"It's called quintessence," I said
She stared at an Oreo cookie
In black and white
After water, earth, air and fire
The fifth and highest plane

"Lobster, okay?" she said
I stared at her refrigerator door
There'll be enough for the guy in the attic
What's his name?

It only takes a few cents more
To go first class
First class
Only takes a few

It only takes a few cents more
To go first class
First class
Only takes a few

Shared a floor with Nashville
The burger queen bought herself a pearl
A bloke named Boob McNut bounced in with Art
And a very pretty Kelly girl

Downstairs
Two Spanish lovers were singing along
With some domestic Don Juan
I had to pinch myself
What a hell of a house I'd stumbled on

"June, July, August," she said
They stared at the summer
About to fade away
Damn good three months of my life
I remember now what living is

"The cat's now a cat," I say
You stare at the honky-tonk piano man
Watch your step
I just met Oliver
The lobster's his

It only takes a few good friends
To be first class
First class
Only takes a few

Don't ya know
It only takes a few good friends
To be first class
First class
Only takes a few

First class
Only takes a few

Only takes a few
Only takes a few
Only takes a few

Long live the island
Long live the island
Long live the island

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Early and accurate diagnosis of thoracic aortic disease could save a life.

For more information and how to recognize the signs, please visit:

The Marfan Foundation
marfan.org

The John Ritter Foundation for Aortic Health
johnritterfoundation.org

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